

IN MEMORIAM.

What envious angel snatched thy perfect soul
To clasp the love it gave to all on earth?
Thy soul—as pure as when God gave it birth,
That surely now hath reached its blessed goal.

Dowered with love that must have been divine,
Living within the shadow of man's sphere,
And crowned with perfect deeds still lingering here,
Where their remembrance may forever shine!

Thy lovely life still beautifies the place,
Transfigures with its light my narrow dreams,
When in the awe-struck silence, faintly gleams
The sad, pure memory of thy angel face.

The hour of tribulation comes to all,
And trouble hovers like a bat at night;
Spirit in Heaven, may thy unsullied light
Upon my darkness like a blessing fall!

Immortal love that claims its heritage,
Where saints may worship lowly at thy feet;
In ecstasy I scan thy presence sweet,
A mortal thought upon dim memory's page.

Before dull care had blurred my mental sight,
Or charged existence with its sharp, cold pain,
The sweetness of thy vision could sustain
And nourish life, as plants thrive in the light.

The fruitless branches of the weary years,
Are scathed with lightning from misfortune's skies,
Yet peace may come with hallowed memories,
To still regret and unavailing tears.

Thy love could never compass earthly dreams
Or reach the hollow ear of worldliness,
And so it lay concealed, in time to bless
And glorify another world than ours!

Montreal.

1810BRE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DULCIGNO.—Although Dulcigno, pronounced like an Italian word, has been made very prominent lately by despatches from the East, it is quite probable that many newspaper readers scarcely remember to have heard of it until the recent trouble between the Albanians and the Porte. Dulcigno is playing a much more conspicuous part than it is entitled to by any importance of its own. Its momentary fame is accidental, like the fame of so many insignificant points that have been the scene of military operations and military movements. Philipp, Blenheim, Leuthen, Actium, Wagram, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Bosworth, Antietam, Pittsburg Landing and Woerth, are notable examples. Dulcigno an inconsiderable town and seaport of European Turkey, Province of Albania, is situated on the shore of the Adriatic, fifteen miles southwest of Scutari. The inhabitants were long notorious for piracy, but are now comparatively law-abiding, being mostly occupied in the oil and coasting trade. It is the seat of a Catholic Bishop, and has a population of some seven thousand, about half of whom are Turks. It was anciently known as Olcinium, and the Turks call it Olgone. It is perched on Cape Kadilie, a rocky peninsula. It might be made a very strong place, and would at any time be hard to take, if vigorously defended. When the present Turkish Montenegrin-Albanian flurry shall have passed Dulcigno will sink into its former obscurity, like some Western politician, who has managed, for the hour, to draw the eyes of the nation to his rampant garrulity.

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.—Thanks to the excellent arrangements made for the convenience of both spectators and competitors, the competitions for the annual games of the Montreal Lacrosse Club passed off most successfully. Large crowds were attracted to the club ground, the grand stand being about three parts occupied, and not less than two thousand persons must have been present. The band of the Victoria Rifles was in attendance, and performed during the afternoon at intervals. It is impossible for us to go over all the scores in detail, and we must confine ourselves to those competitions of which we give illustrations.

The two mile run was very interesting, owing to a division of opinion as to whether Geo. MacLaine, of Montreal L. C., would be able to beat H. Fredericks (N. Y.), but the two first laps decided it in MacLaine's favor, a long distance being left between himself and his antagonist at the finish, though in the earlier part of the race he had not been able to get away from him. MacLaine's time was 10m. 38s.

Throwing the 56 lbs. Weight.—J. A. Fullerton gained the first prize in this contest, with a throw of 21 feet 10 inches, G. H. Woods coming next with 21 ft. 6 in.

Throwing the Hammer.—First prize, James A. Fullerton (Montreal), distance 84 ft. 6 in.; second, G. H. Wood (Montreal), distance 75 ft. 2 in.

Running High Jump.—Two only competed—Jas. McGillivray (Montreal), scoring 4 ft. 11 inches, and J. A. Fullerton only one inch below that height.

The whole games were an unqualified success, reflecting the greatest credit on our association, which is one of the prides of this city—the Montreal Lacrosse Club.

GOLF.—The semi-annual match between the Quebec and Montreal Golf Clubs, took place on the Montreal Links on Saturday last. There was a very good attendance, and unusual interest manifested in the game. The game was for the Challenge Trophy, which is competed for every spring and fall, and which is the eighth time it has been played for, having been won by the Quebecers five times and the Montrealers three times. Throughout the entire

game the playing was very keen, as the result shows:

TWO ROUNDS, EIGHTEEN HOLES.

Montreal.		Quebec.	
Cpt. Dennistoun	5	T. M. Scott
J. K. Oswald	1	H. S. Smith
E. Mann	5	P. McNaughton
D. D. Sider	Even	Cpt. C. F. Smith	Even
J. Taylor	J. Roberts
R. Wemyss	W. A. Griffiths	3
C. J. Sider	N. P. Sloane	1

Resulting in a victory for Montreal by 6.

The Trophy is the joint property of the two Clubs, and has been won by Montreal Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1877; Quebec Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1877; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1878; Montreal Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1878; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1879; Quebec Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1879; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1880; Montreal Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1880. When the game was finished the members of the Club and a few guests lunched in a very commodious tent. Among those present, in addition to the players, being Mr. Thomas White, M.P., Colonel Dyde, Aldermen Donovan, Hood, Grenier and McCord, James Stewart, John Hope, Richard Wulff, W. R. Elmenhorst, and Mr. Laidlaw, of London, Ont. When the inner man had been satisfied, the President, Mr. Dennistoun, gave the usual loyal toasts, Col. Dyde responding to that of the "Army, Navy and Volunteers." Mr. John Taylor, Vice-Chairman, gave "The members of the Quebec Club," which was very heartily received, and to which Captain Smith replied. Other toasts, including the "Press," were proposed, and in course responded to. After luncheon the following four games were played:—2 rounds, 18 holes.

J. K. Oswald	H. S. Smith
Rev. Canon	Even	G. Drummond	Even
Ellegood	T. M. Scott	1
Capt. Dennistoun	J. G. Sider	5
Capt. Smith	C. C. Foster	Even
W. P. Sloane	Even	W. A. Griffiths
W. F. Carter	John Taylor
D. D. Sider	4	J. Roberts
P. McNaughton		

A GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SEA MONSTERS.—Lord Archibald Campbell, the brother of Lord Lorne, who went home on the steamship "Peruvian" a month ago, was fortunate to see some rare nautical sport on the 7th of September. He writes to the *Scotsman*: "When fairly outside Belle Isle Island (lat. 51.55 N., long. 54.51 W.), with icebergs of no great size on either bow and fairly in the Arctic current and the 'Teutonia' on our starboard bow, the first officer told me he had seen twice a large 'thresher' fish leap clean out of the water not far from our bows. We kept a close watch near about where we had last seen the fish; nor had we long to wait, and for the next ten minutes to a quarter of an hour we watched a most tremendous fight between this fish and a large whale which, evidently attacked also from below by sword-fish, was ineffectually trying to 'sound' and do all in its mighty power to get away, but there was no escape. The thresher, an enormous fish—reckoned by the first officer and head engineer at thirty feet in length—kept continually lashing the whale with its powerful tail, and, as if not satisfied that those stunning blows had 'told,' threw itself in the air with enormous leaps, landing on the whale with the most resounding 'whacks.' The sublime and the ludicrous were strangely blended in these attacks; the passengers and crew were all gathered at the bulwarks, fascinated by the gigantic fight. The whale turned in its agony almost belly uppermost, casting itself about in all directions, but there was no escape. It never got deep below the surface, which was churned by its mighty efforts into a seething mass of foam. The combatants went right in the teeth of the wind and sea then running. We saw the whale in a regular 'flurry' often, and when our straining eyes last saw them they were as hard at it as ever, and it was the opinion of most on board that the whale was fast sickening. The whole of the under part of the whale was white, and I hope some one will give me some information as to its species. From the tip of the tail to the jaw it was as if painted white—a leaden color above. There were many on board who had sailed the Atlantic for upwards of thirty years, but had never seen such a fight. It took place, so to speak, close to both vessels, the fight raging between our ship and the 'Teutonia.'"

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD IN CANADA.—H.R.H. Prince Leopold arrived at Quebec on the 23rd May, after a pleasant passage of ten days in the Allan steamer *Sardinian*. H.R.H. Princess Louise and the Governor-General came on board to welcome the Prince. After spending a few days at the Citadel, he started on a tour, accompanied by the Princess, Lord Lorne, and a numerous suite, to visit Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Chicago, and Milwaukee; returning by rail to Kingston, to embark in a steamer to go down the St. Lawrence, passing the Thousand Islands, and shooting the various rapids. Quebec was reached on the 12th June, where, after a most delightful week spent at the citadel, news came that the salmon were beginning to ascend the river. Thereupon the Prince, Princess, and suite started off for a pretty fishing house on the river Metapedia, as the guests of George Stephen, Esq., the President of the Bank of Montreal, and one of the most respected men in Canada. It was situated at Causapscal, about two hundred miles from Quebec.

A large fleet of birch-bark canoes was provided, and each of the party furnished with a canoe and two Indians of the Micmac tribe to propel it. Every morning and evening the members of the party started each for his or her appointed salmon pool. Some of these were situated amidst the most wild and lovely scenery it is possible to imagine. But alas! it was not a good salmon year; the fish were very scarce, and the river clear and low. This was partly owing to the large quantity of ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to the increased number of nets at the mouth of the river. Only a few fish of about 35 lbs. were killed.

After a week their Royal Highnesses and suites left with regret the hospitable roof of their delightful host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen, and went to fish in the river Cascapedia, which belongs to the Governor-General. This is said to be the best salmon river in the world, the fish averaging 26 lbs. weight, and as many as fifty-two have been killed in a week by one rod. The Governor-General caused an excellent fishing house to be built and some tents to be pitched. The Prince, Princess, and her ladies preferred the novelty of living in tents, which were made most comfortable, the floors being covered with branches of the sweet-scented balsam pine. The fishing on the river was not at all what it had been in previous years, but still some splendid fish were killed. Prince Leopold killed amongst others one of 34 lbs. weight, the Governor-General one of 30 lbs., the Princess Louise one of 26 lbs., and each of the suite killed several big salmon and great numbers of sea trout weighing 4 lbs., and which afforded excellent sport. But sometimes a hundred salmon were counted in the pools, and the whole party would return from fishing without having had a single rise; this was owing to the clear and low state of the river from want of rain. Amongst the remarkable things that occurred was the catching of a trout, which after being played for some time was lost, but a mouse which the trout had previously swallowed was found on the hook; also the killing with the gaff of a blind salmon, weighing 33 lbs., whilst it was ascending a rapid. This fish had lost its sight in the nets at the mouth of the river.

1. Represents H.R.H. Prince Leopold and two gentlemen of his suite starting from the Governor-General's camp on the Cascapedia River to embark in their respective canoes to fish.

2. A picturesque corner of the river where some very large fish were killed.

3. The desolate-looking railway station of Causapscal, surrounded by burnt forests, and situated on the Metapedia River, on the line connecting Halifax and Quebec.

4. Fishing-house and encampment belonging to George Stephen, Esq., at Causapscal, on the Metapedia River, by whom Their Royal Highnesses and suite were entertained.

5. Prince Leopold and some of his suite going in their birch-bark canoes to their appointed salmon pools to fish; each canoe being paddled by two Indians of the Micmac tribe.

6. The Princess Louise fishing in the Lodge Pool, where Her Royal Highness killed some large salmon.

7. The Governor-General's new fishing hut and encampment. The house is very commodious, and well constructed of varnished pinewood; the tents of blue and white canvas had a pretty effect in the landscape.

8. Making a fire to create a smoke; this is called in Canada a "smudge," and is very necessary to keep off the mosquitoes, black flies, &c., which in the evening and after rain render life almost insupportable without a "smudge."

9. Is a pretty view of the Cascapedia River from the Governor-General's fishing-house.

10. H.R.H. Prince Leopold killing salmon in Sheddon's Pool.

11. Reilly is a settler, whose house is well situated at La Fourche, the junction of the Causapscal River with the Metapedia, and a famous place for salmon.

12. Shows the type of house of the settlers on the banks of the Cascapedia—they are mostly French Canadians.

For the sketches and the descriptive matter we beg to make an acknowledgment to the *London Graphic*.

FOOT NOTES.

FOLLOWING in the wake of several of its contemporaries the *Daily Telegraph* is just migrating to new offices. The *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Chronicle* have all during the last few years removed into palatial edifices, but the *Telegraph* is determined to outshine them all in the magnificence of its buildings. Its proprietors have erected a large and very handsome set of offices on the south side of Fleet street, opposite Peterborough Court, and thither all the books and departments, except the composing and machining branches have been removed. In addition to this a number of shops stretching eastward from the old offices have been bought up, and the whole block is to be pulled down and a magnificent new building erected upon the site at a cost of £160,000. The *Daily Telegraph* will then have the most imposing premises and the largest frontage on Fleet street.

SOMETHING LIKE A CRADLE.—The cradle in which is rocked the infant Princess of Spain, is made of polished ebony, inlaid with silver; its form is that of an open shell, the curtains are of silver gauze, enamelled with white velvet flowers, the coverlet of white satin, on which are em-

broidered in brilliant colours the arms of Spain. One lady *grandesse* of Spain stands at the foot of the cradle during the royal infant's slumber to watch the precise moment of her awakening; another *grandesse* stands at the head, armed with a huge feather fan to chase away the flies, who, by the way, are no respecter of persons, and would alight as freely on the royal baby's nose as on the beggar's bald head. The Royal Spanish crown, which in silver gilt hangs in front of the cradle, is the work of Froment, the great Parisian goldsmith. The cost of the cradle, without the hangings of fine lace and the garniture of marabout feathers which surround it, is estimated at seven thousand francs.

A NORWEGIAN POET.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet and novelist, who has just arrived in America, is not yet forty-eight years old, and is much younger in faith and feeling. Among his works are "Arne," "A Happy Lad," and the "Fisher Maiden," the last of which has been translated into German and English, and is considered by many critics his best production. At twenty-four Bjornson went to Copenhagen, where he studied Immanuel Baggesen, Gottlob Oehlenschlaeger, and other Danish writers of eminence. Two or three years later he wrote his "Tynneve Sallakken," something after the manner of Auerbach, and a faithful and picturesque portraiture of the scenes and people of the Norwegian Alps. Bjornson has written for the theatre, and his pieces have achieved popularity, his tragedy, "Marie Stuart," being considered his strongest work. He was an intimate friend of the late Ole Bull, and, like the violinist, he is a passionate lover of liberty and of democratic forms of government.

DELESSEPS.—Madame de Lesseps is, with her octave of young people, at La Chesnaye, in Touraine. They are remarkably fine boys and girls, and are brought up exactly alike. M. de Lesseps encourages them to run about without shoes or stockings. The ordinary "rig-up" of a youthful de Lesseps is a nether garment, a short pair of drawers, and a loose woollen dress, which keeps the body warm and does not fatigue the wearer or impede muscular action. Legs, arms, and shoulders are bare, and out of doors the head is kept uncovered when exposure to the summer's sun is not to be feared. The mother is easy-going, lovable, and loving; the father is for developing personal initiative in his boys and girls, and does not scold them when they risk their limbs. That Providence which watches over hardy go-a-head children has so far taken care of them by land and by water—to which they take like ducklings—on horseback, and in the gymnasium. In the schoolroom there is, however, strict discipline, but Mlle. Fernande continues to have pretty much her own way in everything. She has the easy freedom, grace, irrepressible joyousness, and quick ways of a young spaniel; speaks many languages and dialects, picked up in the valley of the Nile and on board *maestragie* steamers.

LITTRE.—M. Littré, says M. Claretie in *Le Temps*, is about to resume his benedictine labours at Mesnil-le-Roi, and to build up his own monument. M. Littré lives a solitary life. In each of his writings he speaks with admirable serenity of soul of that end which he does not desire nor yet fear, and which, in spite of his great age, is probably yet far distant. Littré, who is the most eminent of living Positivists, was once described in an old way by Madame de Pierrefosse, the niece of Lamartine, as a saint who does not believe in God. At Paris his working room is severe in appearance, and the only ornament is a stone of the Bastille hung up on the wall. At Mesnil his house is that of a peasant, except that it is full of books. He makes his garden and grafts his roses himself. His work-table is near his bed, and he has only a few steps to make in order to reach it. If he is tired he pores over some ancient text or translates Dante into old French verse. Littré has all the physical courage and all the brain force of a man of the eighteenth century. His Doctor is M. Augros, of Maisons-Lafitte, who rides over to see him at Mesnil. But Littré has no need of a doctor; he knows all the secrets of life, and incessantly takes advantage of what life he has still in him. His wife, who is a very pious woman, watches over him faithfully, and when she returns from church she finds him, perhaps, writing an article for the *Revue Positiviste*. Littré, most liberal of men, finds it right that his wife should believe if she can; Madame Littré, on her side, never tries to combat her husband's doubts.

We call the attention of our philanthropic readers in this city to the bazaar for the benefit of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and of St. Bridget's Refuge, which opens at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday, Oct. 14th. On the approach of winter charity suggests the need of providing for the wants of the poor and the forsaken.

CURE OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; and I know of a number of others who have been cured of drinking by it." From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.